

Good Morning 385

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Stage, Screen, Studio (By Dick Gordon)

SAILORS are not the only superstitious people in the world—theatricals are, too, and possibly more so. In fact, many a well-known cinema personality will tell you, with absolute sincerity, that he or she lost a coveted role through walking under a ladder on the way to a casting office, or spilling salt at the breakfast-table that morning!

Others will recite instances of bad luck after looking at the new moon through glass, or opening an umbrella in the house... and many stars of the fair sex, it is said, refuse to carry glass mirrors!

Often a big Hollywood production has been held up owing to an actor or actress objecting to an unlucky "omen" on the set. Twentieth Century-Fox's "Jane Eyre" is a typical example of this. During the shooting of this film at the beginning of an important sequence, Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles suddenly staged a little unofficial "strike." Mystified, Director Robert Stevenson hurried to the spot to find out what the trouble was.

Knitting his brows, Welles pointed a finger at a shawl which one of the "extras" was wearing, and thundered "PEACOCK FEATHERS!" He went on to state that no star, however big, could play a good scene with peacock feathers in it. Stevenson found that the shawl in question was, indeed, printed to represent the fatal plumes. It was changed, post haste, and the scene went on smoothly!

BUT many of the Celluloid City's leading residents have their own personal superstitions.

Lovely young Lois Andrews, one of the most promising of the present-day starlets, gets frantic at the sight of a hat on a bed! Blonde Fox star Vir-



Margaret Lockwood

ginia Gilmore refuses to talk about or discuss plans or ambitions in any way, until they are realised. It is unlucky she says.

Sonja Henie, who buys a new pair of skates at the beginning of every season, always finds herself wearing a seven-years-old "lucky" pair on an opening night!

And one of the strangest of



Evelyn Keyes

all superstitions is, perhaps, Linda Darnell's. On arriving at the studio, Linda makes sure where she parks her car. Some spaces bring good fortune, she says, while others definitely bring bad fortune to her.

Mary Anderson, petite newcomer, who makes her bow in "Lifeboat," and Vivian Blaine, yet another newcomer, soon to be seen in "Greenwich Village," are more orthodox. Spilt salt, owl-hoots, hanging things on door-knobs, laying keys on the table, and putting hats on the bed are their "favourites."

And, lastly, is the case of Alice Leppert—better known, perhaps, as Alice Faye. Her "superstition" is her name, which, she is convinced, has brought her fame. For one day, Miss Leppert—as she was then—was walking down Broadway. A showgirl, with her feet on the first steps of the ladder of Fortune, she decided that she must change "Leppert" to something more suitable.

Passing a theatre, she saw a poster with the name Frank Fay (an eminently successful Broadway player) on it. That decided her, Faye it would be, she "guessed," it would bring her luck.

THERE were five girls who had won prizes in an Atlanta Georgia, beauty contest. All five were given screen tests by a major company, and four of the quintette went to Hollywood.

The girl who lost out of the five—her name was, and is, Evelyn Keyes—went rather forlornly back to dancing in the night clubs.

And that just goes to show that you never can tell. For the four top girls are forgotten—no one even seems able to recall their names—while the loser-outer, Miss Keyes, is now a successful young player, under long-term contract to Columbia, and with the standing of an authentic starlet, of whom big things are expected.

This Miss Keyes will soon be seen in her latest picture "There's Something About a Soldier."

After losing out in that screen test and going back to her night club work, Miss Keyes was determined that, winner or loser, she would win out in the end. She saved every possible penny, and when she had several hundred dollars put

W. H. Millier

tells the
inside Story
To-day

Here's Real JOE BECKETT

JOE BECKETT will not go down in ring history as one of our great heavy-weight champions.

Yet he would have been the best man of his day if only he had been better advised in his more awkward moods.

There was much that was puzzling in Beckett's character. He had the right build, although a trifle on the small side for a heavy-weight, and he could box.

"I'VE COMING, I'VE COMING!"

His left hook was a certain knock-out punch, if his heart and soul were behind it, which was not always the case.

He certainly looked the part. Grim, stubborn and pugnacious; the perfect type of a coming fighter, you would say; and yet you would have been disappointed if you had seen him in one of those contests in which he fell an easy victim to an opponent, whom he ought to have beaten.

He followed Bombardier Wells as our leading heavy-weight, and was as unlike the Bombardier as a bulldog is a greyhound. With Wells the public had every sympathy, with Beckett none.

The lanky Bombardier was, in a sense, killed by kindness. Beckett was allowed to languish for the lack of it.

If Wells had been booed instead of cheered he would have been a better fighter; and a few cheers for Beckett might have meant all the difference between defeat and victory.

Carpentier treated both with contempt. This fortunate Frenchman first rose to fame at the expense of Wells and went on to further fame and fortune by his hollow victories over Beckett.

He defeated both men twice, and, although it may be thought that this put the question of supremacy beyond argument, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that if Wells and Beckett could have had their fights with this Frenchman in the gymnasium,

murdered in the house forty years previously, and becomes seriously ill, declaring that the only thing to cure her would be a visit from the doctor whom the unhappy Elizabeth loved.

The central characters of the kindly though unimaginative Mr. Smedhurst, who buys the house, his sensitive wife, and the beautiful girl possessed with the spirit of the past, with the brooding atmosphere of the ghost-haunted house, have given Brock Williams, who has written the screen play, fine material for an unusual film story.

Three ex-newspaper men have been entrusted by Maurice Ostrer with the difficult task of transferring Sitwell's delicate theme to the screen.

R. J. Minney, formerly editor of the "Sunday Referee" and "Strand Magazine," will produce, this being his second assignment for Gainsborough; Brock Williams, well-known stage and film writer, and formerly a journalist in the West Country, has adapted Sitwell's story for the screen; Bernard Knowles, ace British cameraman, who was at one time Press photographer on the "Detroit News," will direct.

Castling is now in progress, and Dennis Price, a young actor who was invalided out of the Army and has since been with Noel Coward's company, and made his screen debut in "A Canterbury Tale," has been given the part of Robert, a young doctor in love with Annette.

Search is now going on for a suitably "ghostly" house with spacious grounds near London.

CRACK I liked best in an N.F.S. show I saw recently was by comedienne, Kay Carter; "Met a real cad the other day—I asked him for a penny and he gave two halfpennies."

instead of before crowds of many thousands of people, Carpentier would have been beaten.

THEY DID NOT KNOW.

The sad thought is that the enigma that was Beckett stood revealed when it was much too late to do anything about it.

Before he had been advanced as likely champion he should have been taken in hand by a psychiatrist, but nobody connected with Beckett knew anything about that.

Some years after he had retired from the ring Beckett was seen by one of the shrewdest of American managers of boxers, Jimmy Johnston, who, after a long talk with him, told me what he thought.

"Gee, if only I could have had that guy in my stable before anyone had spoiled him, what a champion he would have been!"

Johnston would not have described himself as a psychiatrist, by a long shot, but few men were better than he at getting at the back of the mind of a boxer.

He was a pocket Hercules in his way, and his nickname in the United States was "the Boy Bandit." Just how he earned his nickname I never knew, but I did learn from the boxers he had managed that very few people in the fight game ever succeeded in pulling a fast one on him.

Johnston's verdict was right in Beckett's case. This fighter did not have the luck to get into the right hands at the outset of his career. He appeared to be rough and uncouth at first sight, but this was the camouflage that covered a highly sensitive nature.

What Beckett required more than anything else was sympathetic handling, and that is just what he did not get.

In the legal sense, Beckett was an infant when he was signed up for a long period to a manager who failed to understand him. This manager, whom I knew very well, had his own ideas as to how fighters should be treated. No doubt his ideas would have been right for some boxers but they were all wrong in this particular instance.

He may not have realised how his attitude to Beckett undid all his work in securing the contests for his man.

In fact, he did not even arrive at an inkling of the truth, because he felt himself to be the victim when at last Beckett broke away from him and brought a law suit to set aside the contract between them.

When I came to know Beckett really well, which I must say took quite a long time, I realised that he was suffering under a self-imposed handicap.

THOSE GENTLE VOICES CALLING.

He had never been educated in the academic sense and, being unable to read or write, he had an unwholesome dread of contracts and anything else on paper.

After his early experiences he doubted even the most well-meaning of his friends, and the thought was always uppermost in his mind that everyone was out to do him down.

Nearly all Beckett knew of life had been viewed on the fair-ground. He was born in a caravan and had spent all his years battling for existence. His father died when he was quite young, and he had to fight for his mother's interests.

In the bad old days before the Showmen's Guild organised a better way of arranging priorities, the various showmen and stall-holders used to fight for the best pitches and the best fighter used to take his pick. That was how Beckett first learned to fight.

He used to tackle the toughest fighters it was possible to find, among them

steely-muscled gypsies, to whom fighting with the bare knuckles was second nature; and this long before he had reached manhood.

It seems to have been something of a barbarous proceeding, but it had been the practice from time immemorial and—well, if you wanted the best places, you just had to fight for them; and much the same thing applies in other businesses to-day, except that the battle is one of wits instead of fists.

I have mentioned this early Fair-ground education of Beckett's, which, to the unthinking, might be taken as being in the nature of a good apprenticeship to the ring.

If it had been a voluntary proceeding on Beckett's part, then, no doubt, it might well be regarded as a good grounding for the profession of pugilism. Unfortunately it was not.

As I see it, the fact of being compelled to fight just as a matter of course was irksome and hurtful to Beckett, who, despite his apparent rough exterior, was shy and sensitive.

When he was persuaded against his own inclination to consent to be taken up as a professional boxer, you may imagine how his reaction militated against his success in the ring. It could scarcely have been otherwise. Even so, it might have been different if only he had been handled with sympathy and understanding.

His manager did not believe in what he called namby-pamby methods where fighters were concerned. He treated him much as he might have done a champion bulldog or a racing greyhound.

I can recall my first impression when I saw Beckett in training for the first time. My idea then was that he was like a dog kept on a chain.

He was not permitted to talk to Pressmen. His manager would say gruffly, "Your job is to do the fighting; I'll do the talking."

Thus we were rarely able to see the best of Beckett in the ring. He would as often as not leave his dressing-room smarting under some rebuff, and it would rankle and fill his mind, which at the moment ought to have been free to deal with the task in hand.

"POOR OLD JOE."

He would enter the ring looking anything but happy, and this may have had something to do with his lack of popular appeal.

A few cheers of encouragement from the crowd might have made all the difference, but the spectators did not care for his scowling countenance, and they forebore to cheer.

Of course, he was severely criticised for many of his disappointing displays, and I must confess that I was at times as severe as any of his critics. That was my job, and I tried all I knew to make Beckett see how much better he could do his fighting, if only he would make up his mind to do it thoroughly.

When I eventually succeeded in discovering the nigger in the woodpile it was too late to be of much use.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

OPEN VERDICT

By Richard Keverne

I HAD dinner with my Uncle Alban the night he was murdered.

He called it dinner. I found it the foulest meal I ever tried.

Stewed rabbit, tepid, reeking with onions, tinned pineapple and soapy cheese. My Uncle Alban drank tea; I took water.

My uncle said, when I felt for my cigarettes, that if I didn't mind waiting he would prefer it.

I said: "Of course, Uncle Alban."

"Most considerate of you, Philip," my uncle said. He leaned across the table, a queer smile on his lean face that reminded me uncannily of my dead father.

I sensed a sneer behind the softly spoken words. My uncle read my thoughts.

"No, Philip," he said. "I always thought highly of your father. I always said your father would end as a bishop; he said I would end in the workhouse or gaol. Well, he died only an arch-deacon and I'm not in gaol. But I haven't much longer to live, the doctors tell me."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "Charming," my uncle said. "You have your father's good manners."

He raised a thin hand.

"Why should you be sorry, Philip?" he asked. "You have just made pretence at eating a meal—but you've been quite polite. And didn't you think I was dead long ago?"

"I—I thought—" I said. "And when you got my letter, were you pleased to hear from the black sheep?"

"I was curious," I said.

My uncle laughed.

"Ah, there speaks dear venerable brother Gregory," he said. "Honest when driven into a corner. That's why they never made him a bishop. Well, well, you'll be wanting to get off."

My uncle got up from the table.

"I, too, was curious," he said.

"Now we've both satisfied our curiosity and there's no reason why we should ever see one another again."

He came with me to the door, closed it almost before I had finished my conventional good-bye speech and left me to grope my way to my car. That was at about a quarter past nine on a Tuesday evening.

Eight hours later a fisherman found his body rolling in the surf on Oldford beach, not a hundred yards from his bungalow. His jaw was broken and his temple cracked.

When his will was proved, the estate amounted to just over ninety thousand pounds, nearly all of it in American securities. He had left the whole of it to me.

I KNEW nothing of my uncle's death until late the next evening. I had only been in England a week, home after four years in Calcutta where I had lost my job with a jute firm that had gone smash. I had been looking forward to a holiday before starting to find myself another job. It was the damnable uncertainty of the future that depressed me; that and the nasty taste my visit to Uncle Alban had left behind.

From childhood Uncle Alban had been the family skeleton. At home, if his name were ever mentioned, it was almost literally in "bated breath."

My parson father, good, kindly man, had an unfamiliar resentful note in his voice when he spoke to my mother of "Alban." I grew up with an idea that he was a terrible disgrace to the family, and I once overheard my father sadly say, "in gaol again—God forgive him," and I guessed of whom he was speaking.

If I had ever thought about him, it had been that he was long since dead. That is why when I

found a curt letter from him at my bank, I was surprised and curious. I wanted to see this family skeleton who had risen from the dead.

So I drove down from London on a Tuesday afternoon to Eastwinds, Oldford, Suffolk, and found it a tiny, lonely bungalow on the edge of a steep shingle beach about half a mile from the little town; and that is why when I came back from a theatre to my bed-sitting-room in Palmerston Gardens, South Kensington, late on the Wednesday evening, a complete stranger stepped out of a car waiting by the front door and said: "I am Inspector Mace, of the Mid-Suffolk Constabulary. I am afraid I have come on rather a sad mission, sir."

I was bewildered.

"Your uncle, Mr. Alban Harborough, of Eastwinds, Oldford—"

"My uncle?" I put in quickly.

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry to tell you that—that he's had an accident."

"An accident?"

"A bad accident, sir. I know that you will be distressed to hear—he hesitated for a moment,—"that it was—fatal."

"Good God!" I exclaimed.

"How ghastly! What was it, heart?" He told me that the doctors said that—that he hadn't long to live."

"No, sir. I don't think it was," Mace said quietly. "I know it will distress you more, Mr. Harborough, but we are afraid his death was due to violence."

"Violence!" I said sharply.

"You mean—"

"I mean nothing more at the moment, sir. I only state what appears to be a fact. Might I—"

"Of course," I said. "Come up to my room. This is horrible, this is shocking. Not that I knew him well—"

"So far as we know," Mace interrupted suavely, "you were the last person to see him alive. You will appreciate that anything you can tell us will be of the greatest importance."

"I can't tell you much," I said opening the door. "But anything I can do, of course—"

I missed the full significance of his remarks; I was really shocked. Not that I had the slightest affection for my Uncle Alban, but murder, and that I knew was what this man meant, was a devastating thing when applied to one's own kin. Murder happened to people in "thrillers" or newspapers, never to anybody one knew or knew of.

Mace had just told me that my Uncle Alban had been murdered. I couldn't take it in.

It never entered my mind for an instant that he thought I might have murdered him.

WE went upstairs to my room and I switched on the electric fire. I was feeling cold.

I waved Mace into the only easy chair and went to a cupboard where I had a bottle of whisky and a syphon.

"May I offer you a drink?" I said.

"Not at the moment, sir, thank you," he answered.

"Well, I'm going to have one," I said with a nervous laugh.

"This is a bit of a shock for me," I mixed myself a short strong peg and gulped it down. Mace, sitting on the edge of the chair, was looking about the room as though he had never seen such a place before.

"Ah," I said, putting down my glass. "I wanted that. Now tell me all about it. Don't bother to mince your words, how was my uncle murdered?"

"Murdered, sir? I never said that. What makes you think he was murdered?"

"That's what you meant, wasn't it?" I retorted in mild confusion.

"You said his death was due to violence. What else could that mean?"

"I said we were afraid his death was due to violence," Mace corrected me. "I don't know what the coroner's jury will decide, but I have to tell you that your presence will be required at the inquest tomorrow and to ask you if you cared to make any statement about your visit to Mr. Harborough yesterday."

"Statement?" There's very little I can tell you, but—but, damn it all, man, what has happened to my uncle?" I spoke in an irritated way, this fellow's official manner seemed so unnecessary.

"All I can tell you, sir, is that he was found dead on the beach this morning, close by his house—"

"Drowned?" I put in.

"That's hard to say yet. But you'd have seen the report in the evening papers, of course."

Mace looked at me in a curious way. "It looked as if someone had smashed him on the head. Of course we may be wrong. We hope so. But now, sir, what time was it you last saw him?"

"Oh, I don't know. I should about a quarter past nine, I suppose," I said frowning. The horror of Mace's suggestion was shocking me more and more. I got up and helped myself to another drink. "Poor devil," I went on.

"Why on earth should anyone want to attack him?"

"That's what we'd like to know," the inspector said, his eyes on a notebook. "About a quarter past nine, you say?"

"About then. I can't be sure."

"And then you drove straight back to London?"

"Not immediately. I ran my car a little way along that beach road and stopped for a bit,

looking out to sea. It was a very bracing night, blowing hard but clear. I was watching the lightships or whatever they are before I started back."

"I see, sir," Mace jotted something down in his book. "And you had spent the evening with the deceased gentleman, I understand?"

"Yes. He asked me to come down to dinner. I arrived rather late, I missed my way. I don't know that part of the country at all. I got there just before eight."

"And I suppose there was nothing said in the course of conversation to suggest that Mr. Harborough was in any—fear or apprehension that anyone should wish him harm?"

"Nothing whatever. We talked about my childhood most of the time. He hadn't seen me for fully twenty years." I went on to explain how surprised I was when I received his letter, of how I didn't even know that he was alive.

"You see," I added, "he was abroad I believe when I was a child and he and my father did not get on very well together. My father was a parson and he—"

Suddenly I stopped. It had come to me in a flash that this murder might have something to do with my uncle's murky past. More, that the police perhaps suspected this. That was the sort of thing that happened in books. I was sure that my uncle had been in gaol, and I realised in quick alarm that his tragic death was likely to bring the whole of that unpleasant scandal, whatever it might be, to light. I could imagine the newspaper headlines, the references to my father, to me. That wasn't going to help me in looking for a job. The prospect was appalling.

"—and he," I finished lamely, "was a, a different sort of man—or so I understood."

Mace's face expressed nothing. He flicked back the pages of his notebook and underlined something.

"Everything you can recall about your conversation would be helpful," he said after a moment.

"Did the deceased gentleman explain why he'd communicated with you after twenty years, I think you said?"

"No. I asked him that. He said it was just an old man's whim. I don't even know how he learned I was home."

"You hadn't let him know then?"

"No."

"Did you happen to keep his letter, sir?"

I shook my head. "It was quite a brief note. I tore it up."

"Ah," Mace said as if he were expecting that answer. "And you talked about when you were a child—anything about what he'd been doing lately—or you?"

"He said nothing about himself except that he'd been living in Oldford for a couple of years

CROSSWORD CORNER

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CLUES ACROSS.

- Bird.
- Maker of spikes.
- Disentangle.
- Adze.
- Loyal.
- Kindly.
- Approach.
- Vast number.
- Horse.
- Deck.
- Parson's land.
- Hides.
- Wheel spindle.
- Fresh.
- Chops.
- Curve.
- Cropped up.
- Front.
- Know.
- Chastise.
- Whirls.
- Remained.

CLACK SPAWN

REMAND OGRE
USURER SOOT
ELL WANT T
TIER BUMPER
ETON BAR A
J BUD NEAT
IMPETUS LIT
FIR MEASURE
FROME GAD R
YEW GLOWERS

CLUES DOWN.

- Official judgment.
- Unity.
- Colour.
- Vegetable.
- Black.
- Drink.
- Den.
- Pattern.
- Depend.
- Scruff.
- Tip.
- Changed.
- Past.
- Fibre.
- Abide.
- Country.
- Short county.
- Fish.
- Curve.
- Fish.
- Compass point.
- Space of time.

or so. I judged he'd been in America. I told him a little about myself." I explained my job and how I had lost it. I wanted to shift the conversation to myself rather than Uncle Alban. Mace listened patiently.

"I suppose it was all a perfectly friendly conversation?" he said at last. "No dispute or anything of that kind?"

"Dispute?" I exclaimed.

"Good God! no. Why should there be?"

"No reason, sir. I just wondered if anything happened to upset the gentleman."

I protested: "No dispute whatever. I tell you I hardly knew him. I didn't know him, in fact."

"He didn't mention his will, I suppose?" Mace went on blandly.

"His will? No. Why?"

"I just wondered, because I found it in his desk. Of course you know you were his heir."

That staggered me. I think I gaped at the inspector as though I doubted my ears.

"It's the first I've heard of it," I said.

"Ah," Mace said again in the same disappointed sort of tone.

"Now let's see if we can fix the time a bit more definitely. The coroner will want to know that. It was about nine-fifteen you last saw him. Could it have been nine-thirty?"

"It might have been. I couldn't swear to it." I spoke at random, hardly thinking of what I was saying.

"Could it have been ten, do you think, sir?" Mace went on suavely.

"Ten? Damn it all, I don't know. No, of course it wasn't ten. It was about a quarter past nine I told you," I answered sharply.

"What's all this questioning? I can't remember to a second. But it wasn't ten—nothing like it."

"It's most important to fix the latest time when the poor gentleman was last seen alive, sir,"

Mace said. "How exactly can you be sure that it wasn't ten o'clock, sir?" I then knew.

It came with a moment of wonder as to why he was labouring this point, a transitory sense of irritation at the irrelevance of the question, and then a horrible dull sinking feeling inside as the true significance dawned upon me. This fellow suspected me of having killed my Uncle Alban. It was as clear as daylight—the whole essence of every murder book I had ever read. I had motive; I had had opportunity. Mace had been leading up to this question all the while. He was testing my alibi. I knew what he was after. And I knew too that I had a damned weak alibi.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

- A gygis is a Swiss guide, alpenstock, bird, Peruvian potato, lizard, humming-top?
- Who wrote (a) The Country Doctor, (b) The Doctor's Dilemma?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Civet, Caracal, Coon, Colander, Cheeta, Chameleon.
- What is "Kentish fire"?
- How many women went into the Ark?
- If yesterday was Sunday, what will the day after the day before to-morrow be?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Brazil, Brier, Broccoli, Bitumen, Baize, Beys, Boracic, Basor n.
- Why is bakelite so called?
- Where and when did the first seaplane flight take place?
- What was the original name of New York?
- Do whales suckle their young?
- Give four words ending with "-city."

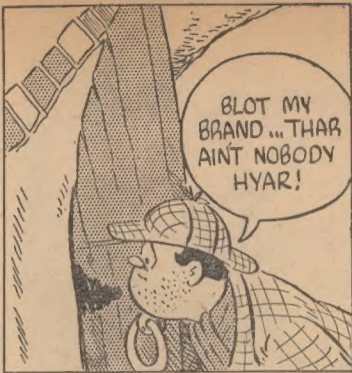
Answers to Quiz in No. 384

- Bird.
- (a) Jane Austen, (b) Fanny Burney.
- Marlborough was a soldier; others were sailors.
- Pennsylvania, 1859.
- Cat.
- Ram, Bull, Twins.
- Weird, Whereabouts.
- A beekeeper.
- Duck.
- Samuel Pepys.
- Thames, Trent, Test, Tyne, Tees, etc.

JANE



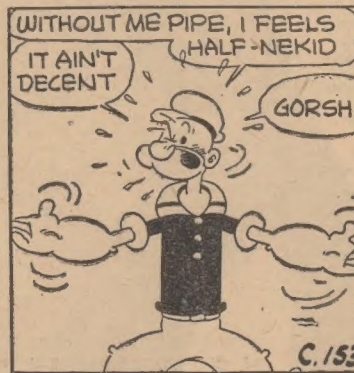
BEELZEBUB JONES



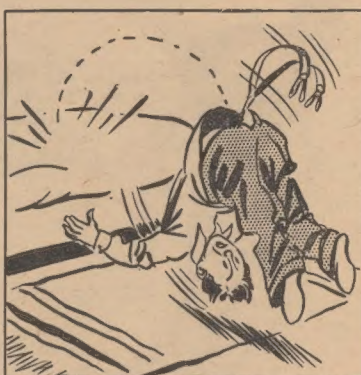
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Britain is queer in parts

By Frank O'Down

IT is the visitor to Britain who discovers the strangest things about our country. I know because I've had the opportunity of taking Empire and American troops around this island.

There are many queer things about Britain that cannot be found in books. In a large number of cases natives of the district in which the oddity is to be found know little or nothing about it.

Since the war many visitors to London have seen Lord Nelson's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral. How many knew that the tomb was not, in fact, originally built for him?

Cardinal Wolsey, when at the height of his power, prepared a tomb for himself that would tell succeeding generations of his greatness. A famed sculptor set to work upon it, but by the time he had finished Wolsey was no longer in favour, and when he died the Cardinal was buried in an ordinary grave.

The tomb and sarcophagus were placed in the State store-rooms.

Hundreds of years later, when Lord Nelson died, and was to be buried beneath St. Paul's Cathedral, the authorities remembered Cardinal Wolsey's unused coffin!

Within this coffin Lord Nelson's remains were placed.

This brings to mind the tomb belonging to Commander Ben Wangford in Watford Parish Church.

Ben, who died in 1800, made a last wish that he should be buried with a fig in his hand. And the tomb has been broken by the fig; a tree now forces its way out of the seaman's grave!

A place of worship that became world-famous—but not as a church—was the old Blackfriars Ring.

The Ring was round, and most people thought the designer did this for the purpose of a boxing public. This was not the case. The building was originally a chapel, and was built in this strange fashion "so that the Devil should find no corner."

Another "queer" church is St. Mary's-in-the-Castle, Dover. When I visited it I noted that it backed on to an ancient Roman lighthouse. It was explained to me that the church was once part of the lighthouse. In addition, it has been used as an ammunition storage, barracks and prison!

At Fordwich, Canterbury, stands the crane to which was attached a famous "ducking stool." Victims—in most cases convicted by local magistrates—were strapped into the chair and then ducked in the waters of the Stour. This stool, I am told, is also in possession of Fordwich citizens.

The gibbet perched on top of Inkpen Beacon, at a spot where Wiltshire, Hampshire and Berkshire meet, was erected over two hundred years ago.

The story goes that a man and his lady friend planned a terrible death for the man's wife. Together one evening they waylaid the poor woman and pushed her into a hornets' nest hidden in a chalk bed.

She suffered a terrible death, and the two culprits were sentenced to hang.

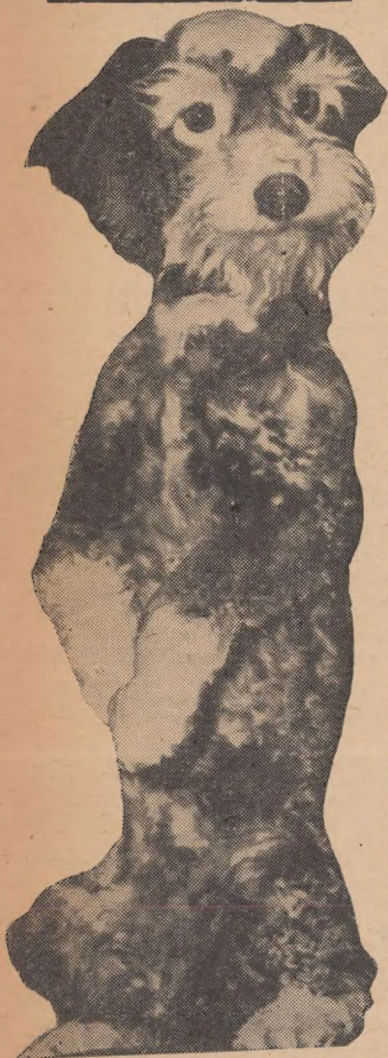
After a great deal of discussion by various county authorities as to who would foot the bill for the gibbet, it was finally erected. And to make sure that the gibbet did not fall into decay, an agreement was made with a local farmer that he should keep it in good condition.

Two new gibbets have, in fulfilment of this agreement, since been erected when the old ones fell down!



"HOW DO I STAND WITH THIS PAY AS YOU EARN BUSINESS, MR. BICKERSTAFFE?"

Good Morning



"Who said food?
Dang me if I can't
smell sumpn'
cookin'!"



Rita Wood, aged 10, and her kid sister Nola, aged 5, are daughters of a Sussex farmer. To add to their duties they were presented with an orphan lamb, Toby. Trouble is that Toby knows what time the milk-bar opens, and, lo and behold, he's always on the doorstep with an insatiable thirst. And to think that we've just learned that "little lambs eat ivy." Drat that song.

The latest and
most up-to-
date of all
Pin-up girls.
Glamorous
Betty Grable
starring in
20th Century-
Fox "Pin-up
Girl," soon to
be an eyebrow
raiser over
here.



We don't mind her having jam on it,
but to put on airs and develop a mous-
tache, seems at least just a bit too much.



This England By a riverside cottage at
Waterford, near Hertford.
Now if only we had the
fishing tackle, and Mum hadn't forgotten the beer — well, we could
have had such a day!



Chinese alligator William has a cigarette with his
mistress, Thelma Keeps, of Hammersmith. No doubt
Thelma keeps him happy that way. Personally we
prefer petting of another type.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hey sister that
guy ain't
sixteen."

